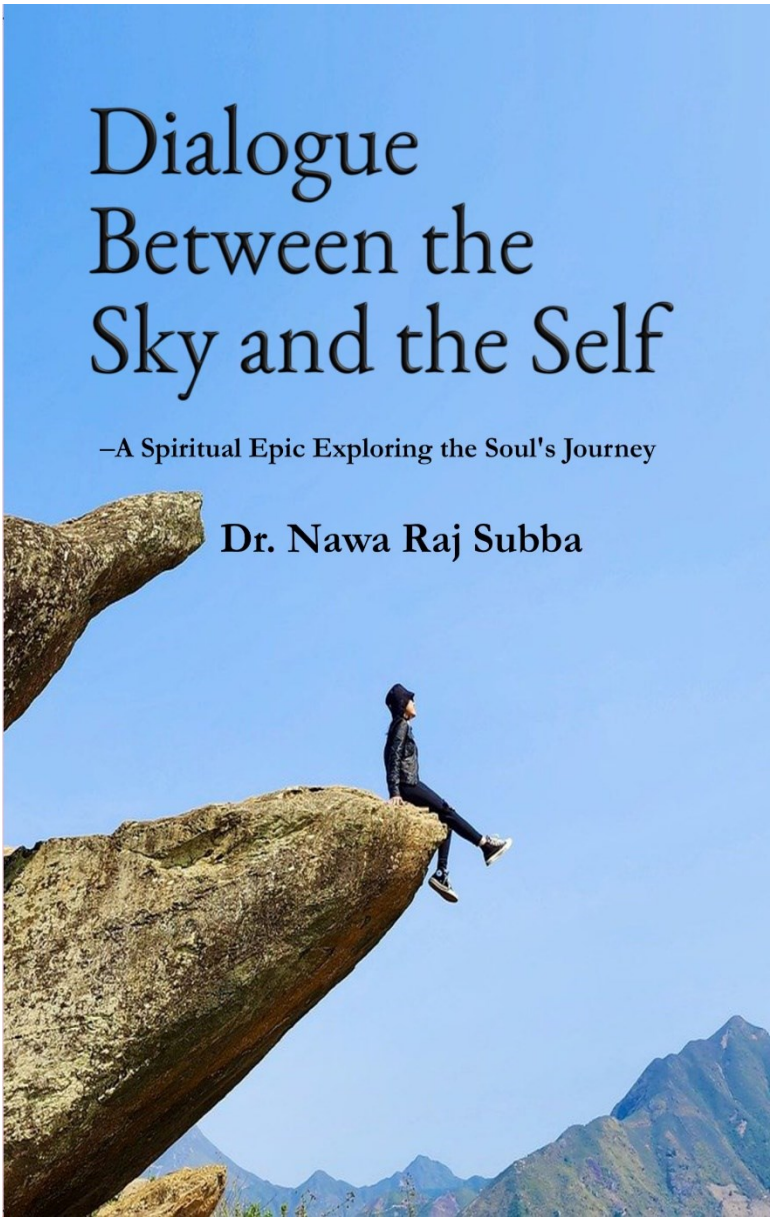
Dialogue Between the Sky and the Self

–A Spiritual Epic Exploring the Soul's Journey

Dr. Nawa Raj Subba



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– **A Spiritual Epic Exploring the Soul's Journey**

(Khandakavya/Echo of an Epic Soul)

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Dr. Nawa Raj Subba

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implimenting ideas...

Copyright

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– A Spiritual Epic Exploring the Soul's Journey
(Khandakavya/Echo of an Epic Soul)
Author: **Dr. Nawa Raj Subba**

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Invocation

Oh! Yuma Sammang[1], Oh! Theba Sammang[2]!
Oh! Mother Earth, Oh! Father Sky!
Oh! Witnesses of Fire, Wind, Water, and Land!
May your spirit awaken within us,
May your rhythm resound through our souls!

The First Tremor of Creation

Where there was only darkness, where there was only silence,
There, suddenly, the first rhythm was born!
With that rhythm came the first pulse,
With that pulse came the first motion,
With that motion came the first light!

The Call of the Mountains, Rivers, and Wind

Oh! Tungdunge[3], awaken!
Let your steps fall upon the mountain peaks!
Let your name echo through the river's song!
Let your story be carried by the wind's rhythm!

Oh! Riders of the clouds, keepers of the snow,
Illuminate the path of Tungdunge!
Let his journey be eternal!
Let it be deep as the boundless sea!
Let it be free as the infinite sky!

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[1] The Supreme Mother Goddess in the Kirat Limbu Worldview.
[2] The Almighty Ancestral God in Kirat Limbu Worldview.
[3] The Central Protagonist of the Khandakavya.

Blessings and Oath

Tungdunge, dance! Tungdunge, laugh!
Your steps may pause, but your rhythm shall not cease!
Your words may fade, but your voice shall never vanish!
This journey is not yours alone,
This journey belongs to our ancestors!
This journey belongs to the earth and the sky!
This journey shall never end!

Preface

Introduction: "Dialogue Between the Soul and the Sky"—Awakening" of Philosophical Travel

Deep philosophical, cultural, and poetic epic "Dialogue Between the Soul and the Sky" investigates the beginning of creation, the secrets of the five elements, soul introspection, and finally the road to transcendental emancipation. The story is a cosmic dialogue between awareness and the universe, between inner silence and the sky, not only a literary or narrative trip.

Drawing profoundly on Kirat cultural philosophy and the Mundhumic perspective, the poet creates a tapestry of introspective contemplation and legendary images. The poem invites the reader to rediscover the neglected link between spirit and space by unfolding as a metaphysical journey—a discourse between the self and the universe.

Organisation and Thematic Movement

There are five cantos in the epic, each examining a different degree of consciousness and spiritual awakening:

1. The Silence of the Universe: This canto opens with the universe emerging out of primordial emptiness. The metaphysical basis is established with the birth of the five elements, the first pulse of creation, the dance of nature, and the first voice of Mundhum.
2. Path of Tungdunge and Sacred Knowledge: Tungdunge, the primary figure, talks with the five elements and the

surroundings. By means of these interactions, he discovers the deeper truths of earth, water, fire, air, and sky, therefore exposing a road to self-awareness and spiritual insight.

3. Struggle and Great War: This part shows interior difficulties as well as outside ones. The conflict of the soul is symbolised by the combat with darkness. Raw images of cosmic and personal upheaval abound from tears of the earth, rivers of blood, and the flames of rebirth.
Here we investigate the roots of spiritual order, justice, and ancestral knowledge—dharma, law, and tradition. Rich philosophical issues help to expose the conflict of tradition, law, and the changing self.

4. The Final Teachings and the Ascent to the Sky—Tungdunge engages in the ultimate conversation with the five elements as he approaches self-realisation. His spirit starts its voyage towards the void, dissolving into silence to mark release. The poem finishes in continuity rather than finality, therefore confirming that the road never really ends.

Title and Its Symbolic Interpretation

The title "Dialogue Between the Soul and the Sky" is extremely meaningful rather than only beautiful.
"The soul" stands for inner awareness, feeling, struggle, and yearning; "the sky" stands for the limitless, the cosmic expanse, release, and acceptance.
The "dialogue" between the two marks the reawakening of a holy, timeless communication spanning material and spiritual, visible and invisible. It has been long, long lost.

Grammar, style, and cultural resonance

The poet employs a thoughtful, symbolic, imagistic vocabulary. Deep cultural roots and spiritual meaning added by words and references taken from the Kirat Mundhum tradition—such as Chyabrung/Dhyangro[4], Thunchhakpa[5], Yuma Samyo[6], and Mundhum—enrich the book. Stylistically, the epic runs over free verse, lyrical repetitions, and chant-like invocations. Reflecting the oral tradition of Kirat philosophy, whereby wisdom is sung as much as it is spoken, certain parts are written in a "chant" form. The poet stands in the sacred guise of a Phedangba/Samba.

Ideas and Motivation

Deep inside, resonance with his ancient awareness drives the poet. The epic transforms Kirat knowledge from a strictly

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[4] The Limbu people mostly play the sacred double-sided drum Chyabrung during ceremonial dances (Chyabrung dance) and cultural festivals. And, the Dhyangro is a single-headed frame drum used by Kirat shamans like Phedangba and Samba for Mundhum recitations, healing rites, and spiritual ceremonies.

[5] To Kirat Limbu, Thun-Chpakpa is the primordial, unmolded, still realm that precedes creation—the prerequisite, the unreleased flower bud, which holds all the beings of life waiting inside. In cultural iconography it is compared to a flower — pure, unblemished, and full of possibilities. Creation emerges from Thun-Chakhpa like a flower blooms in the right time. It represents inner stillness, unformed truth, and the holy womb of the universe—when all things yet exist held in their form before they are yet born. So, even though it's not yet visible, a flower like Thun-Chhakpa is already alive in the stillness.

[6] Samyo is a ritual offering or symbolic object seen in Kirat Limbu culture, particularly during Mundhum-based events. Usually made of bamboo, thread, leaves, or other natural materials, it symbolises spiritual connection, ancestral presence, or sacred aspects. During shamanic ceremonies such as Phedangba or Samba, Samyo acts as a bridge between the human and spirit worlds.

ceremonial or folkloric tool into a philosophical framework that addresses universal truths.
The main goals of this work are to think closely about the relationship between nature and the soul, to help the reader interact with their soul and the sky above, and to link primal indigenous wisdom with modern consciousness.

In essence, a voyage born of conversation

"Dialogue Between the Soul and the Sky" is a philosophical meditation and literary dedication effort. It is not only the narrative of Tungdunge; it is the narrative of each of us, constantly looking for our position between the silence within and the horizon outside.
This epic tells us that we can hear the soul speak if we can also hear the silence of creation. And even the skies start to respond when the soul speaks.

"Not a Conclusion, but a Continuation" closes the poem and invites the reader to realise that the road of the soul and the conversation with the heavens are endless, constantly changing, and still in progress.

Author's Note

Why I Wrote "Dialogue Between the Sky and the Self"

"Dialogue Between the Sky and the Self" is not a poetic work written merely for the sake of writing. It is the outcome of a long, silent search within my inner self. A search that could not be found in books nor confined within any particular form. I kept asking myself — and the ancestral consciousness I carry, the elements of nature I live with, and the sky beyond that invites me silently — can we still converse? Does the soul still speak? Does the sky still respond?

This epic is my humble attempt to open that very door — where words return to silence, and silence once again transforms into dialogue.

The core inspiration for this poem lies in my Kirat Limbu cultural consciousness. The Mundhumic worldview — in which nature, spirit, and creation are deeply interwoven — has guided the philosophical direction of this work. The stories from Mundhum, the symbolism of the five elements, the beat of the Chyabrung, the spiritual presence of Yuma Samyo, and the sacred Thunchhakpa flower — these are not just ornamental motifs in the poem; they are the very pillars of my consciousness.

The central figure of this epic, Tungdunge, is not just a character. He is a symbol — a manifestation of our inner questions, conflicts, journeys, and awakenings. Through Tungdunge's journey, we walk alongside him — from void to vibration, from darkness to light, from earth to sky. The five

elements — earth, water, fire, air, and space — are not just physical forces; they are the five great teachers of life.

Through this epic, I wished to raise a set of deeper, existential questions:
What constitutes the essence of existence?
What is the soul's relationship with the universe?
Why have we got detached from nature, and how might we reconnect?

In this mechanical age, where people are increasingly attached to technology but disconnected from their inner world, I believe this debate is more important than ever.
That is the purpose of this poem — to initiate the reader's return to the self.

I have not brought this journey to a final conclusion.
Because I believe the dialogue between the soul and the sky is never-ending. It flows eternally, transforms continually, and in the process, transforms us as well.

That is why I've ended the poem with the words:
"Not a conclusion, but a continuation."
We are all travellers—only the depth of the journey differs.

Introduction of the Hero

He who explores far mountain caves,
Ascending from peak to peak in pursuit of oneself.
Flowing like a river and soaring like the wind.
Born into a Kirat community in Eastern Nepal,
Tungdunge is a daring traveller.

He has not merely walked the earthly path.
But has also taken flight in the realm of the soul.
He is not just a man.
But an eternal journey of possibilities.

Statement of the Theme

This *Khanda Kavya* is not just about a journey of the body.
But a quest for the mind, soul, and existence.
This is more than just a story about a traveler.
But a saga of awakened consciousness.

This journey is not confined to the dust of the earth.
It stretches from the cosmos to the inner self.
This journey is not just Tungdunge's.
It is the divine journey of us all.

Purpose and Motivation of Writing

The creation of this *Khanda Kavya*.
It is an attempt to trace forgotten footsteps.
It is a composition.
It is a quest to understand one's own soul.
This is not just the story of Tungdunge.
This is the saga of those who have sought hidden truths for millennia.
It is a search for the existential questions.
There are questions that generations have left unanswered.

Poetic Meter, Style, and Language

1. Meter (Chhanda / Prosody):

- Primarily composed in free verse, yet certain portions carry lyrical flow and end-rhyme.
- Designed with attention to the oral chanting tradition of the Kirat community.
- Hints of quantitative rather than syllabic meter — some parts show rhythmic balance.
Syllabic flow inspired by Phedangba, Samba and Nasong[7] recitation (narrative-chanting rhythms)

2. Style:

Epic-narrative style: A deep story arc featuring the leading character's spiritual journey.

Visionary-allegorical style: Mythical and spiritual imagery used to convey profound existential ideas.

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[7] Phedangba is a Kirat Limbu shaman (ritual expert) who performs healing rituals, rituals for honouring the ancestors, and spiritual rituals. Through Mundhum, Phedangba connects humans and divine spirits.

Samba is a Mundhum narrator, something like a guardian of oral tradition and spiritual guide. Samba embodies cosmic, ancestral, and philosophical narratives, retailed as cosmic, ancestral, and spiritual wisdom that helps reflect the knowledge of the people.

Nasong is the spiritual assistant or ritual attendant who helps Phedangba or Samba during ritual ceremonies. Nasong aids in arranging ritual objects, chants, and ritual processes.

The character 'Tungdunge' is symbolic and rich in metaphor, representing either the seeking soul or the journey of life.

Story and verse: The right mix of progression and poetic fireworks.

Evocative and vividly descriptive: Great detail for scenes, nature, feelings, and cultural atmosphere.

3. Language:

The texts translated into English are based on Kirat, Limbu, and Khas Nepali terms, which signify Kirat civilisation and traditions.

Natural ethos prevails; indigenous, multicultural, and bicultural expressions are used.

More symbolically loaded and pictorial: e.g., 'Tungdunge' as soul/seeker, 'mountain summit' as self-realization.

Infused with religious-spiritual vocabulary from Kirat and natural-cult traditions.

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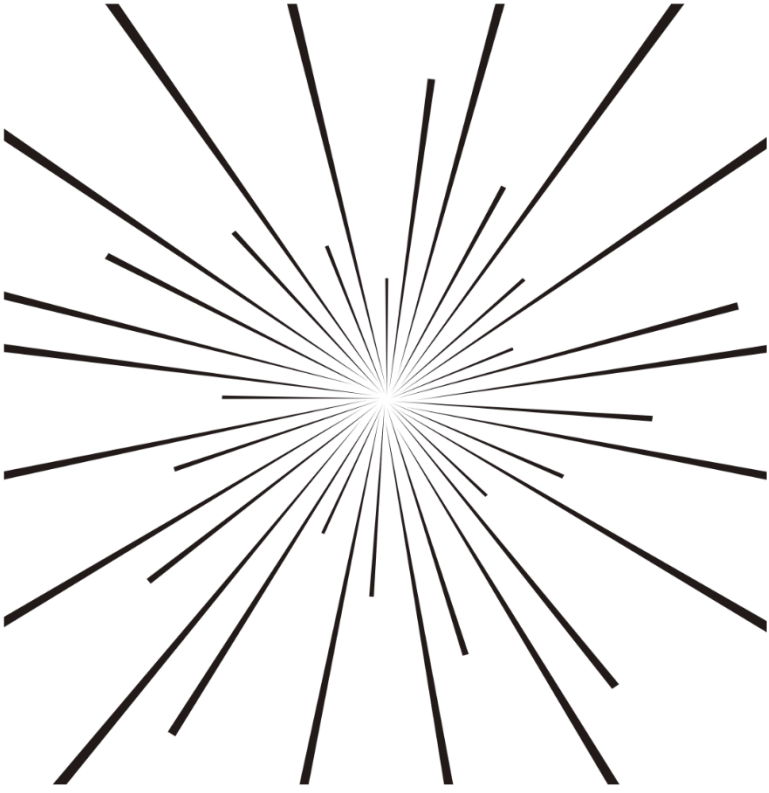
Chapter 1:
The Silence of Cosmos



(i) The First Rhythm of Creation

The Tale of Emptiness

Oh, listen! Oh, behold!
Remember the moment when the universe slept.
There was no sun, no glow of the moon,
No stars, no sense of direction.
No air, no water, no melody of the earth,
Only silence... an endless void!

The First Vibration

But within the silence, a pulse emerged,
Within the heart of darkness, rhythm awakened.
No rivers, no clouds, no boundaries,
Yet there was motion, yet there was rhythm!
From within, creation began to stir,
Elements breaking free, dancing into being!

The Dance of Light and Darkness

On one side, the vast ocean of darkness,
On the other, the first glimmer of light.
Oh! The inner voice was being born,
The first sound of creation echoed!
The unseen force began to move,
The chariot of existence rolled forward!

The Eternal Sound

Oh! That first vibration,

Oh! That primal rhythm,
Still echoes in our hearts, still dances in our blood!
Oh, witnesses of creation,
This rhythm, this sound shall never die!

(ii) The First Pulse

Heyyy... Look!
Tagera Ningwafu[8]... Tagera Ningwafu!
Eyes slowly opening—
like a warm blossom of jhyāunri flower
at the dawn of the Earth's awakening.
The heartbeat of the land is echoing.

Heyyy... Listen!
Within Tagera's sacred eyes
a hidden light began to break free—
a dream inside a dream,
the breath of speechless deities.

From that chasm of radiance,
a single thought descended,
a desire resounded—
it struck the womb of creation,
became a new divine intent.

---

[8] *Tagera Ningwafu* is the fundamental cosmic idea in Kirat Limbu philosophy that exists on its own and is the endless source of creation, referred to as both the Creator (*Srishtikarta*) and the Creative Force (*Srashta*).
It is neither male nor female, neither deity nor being, but rather the Self-Emergent Universe (*Swayam Brahmanda*)—the boundless presence from which all life, nature, spirit, and consciousness arise. Revered as *Swayambhu* (self-born), *Tagera Ningwafu* transcends form and worship yet dwells in all.
A key takeaways, it is the breath behind the Mundhum, the silence behind the sound, and the pulse within existence.

Tagera spoke—
“He who sees,
is the one who creates.
He who wills,
becomes the cosmos itself.”

Heyyy... Look! Look!
From that same womb of light
they began to be born—
Earth, Sky, Fire, Wind,
the life of Water,
the smile of Ether.

The five great elements— five elder brothers,
born of Mother Earth,
cloaked in the shadow of the Himalayas,
flowing forth as the breath of Tagera.

(iii) The Birth of the Five Elements

Heyyy... Listen! Listen to the tale of creation,
The first heartbeat, the first breath.

The Sky opened —
opened from the peak, from the void, like a sigh.
From its vast blue robe,
the dream of existence unfolded.

The Wind began to blow —
it raced like a hunter,
the trees swayed,
the leaves began to speak.

The Fire ignited —
a spark in the eye, a warmth in the soul,
melting the frost of the monsoon,
planting life inside the seed.

The Water fell —
singing its blue hum,
a waterfall's melody,
a prayer flowing from the riverbank.

The Earth rose —
awoke from deep slumber,
made a vow to become the ground,
cradling seeds in its lap.

Heyyy... Behold! Heyyy... Behold!

The Sky smiled,
the Sun gleamed, the Moon shimmered.
Rivers began to dance,
Mountains thundered aloud,
Trees swayed —
to the rhythm of life.

Fire, Air, Water, Earth, and Sky —
Five elder brothers, five directions,
these five held the boundaries of creation.
These five became the gods,
these five, the balance within the soul.

🔥 Fire declared — "I am Energy!"
🌬️ Air whispered — "I am Motion!"
💧 Water sang — "I am Life!"
🌍 Earth grounded — "I am Existence!"
☁️ Sky echoed — "I am Infinity!"

(iv) A Sacred Song of the Elemental Dance

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Understand!
The five elder brothers are playing,
upon the field of creation.
Look! Listen! They are speaking—
and their voices are the wisdom inside you.

🌍 The Earth said —
"Learn to stand,
root yourself deep,
carry the scent of existence!"

💧 The Water said —
"Flow,
learn to weep,
yet give life endlessly!"

🌬️ The Wind laughed —
"You are breath,
you are motion,
unseen but always near!"

🔥 The Fire flared —
"You are light,
you are passion,
you alone transform time!"

☁ The Sky shimmered —
"You are infinite,
you hold all within,
empty like the void, yet full!"

Heyyy... Behold the elemental dance!
Earth gave the pulse —
it carved the path to walk.
Water gave the rhythm —
it sang the flowing voice.
Wind gave the melody —
it carried the song with breath.
Fire gave the spark —
it warmed the soul of life.
Sky gave the color —
it painted the canvas of the mind.

(v) A Hymn to the Awakening Earth

Heyyy... Look! Heyyy... Listen!
The first rhythm of creation is flowing,
we behold the first dance of nature.

🌍 The Earth jolted awake —
Look! Her chest trembled,
and from that trembling,
mountains rose,
peaks that kissed the sun were formed.
The valley opened its arms,
like a mother offering her embrace.

💧 The river laughed —
Splashed and sang aloud!
The very first smile of water!
She carved her own path,
cutting through stone, gliding through forests,
flowing like a memory.

🌱 The first sprout emerged —
it tapped gently on the earth's chest,
and from there,
life's first greenery was born.
From that sprout,
a flower bloomed —
it spoke in color,
and prayed in fragrance.

🕊 The first bird sang —
its voice soared with the wind,
crying, “We are here!”
Nature played her first song.

☀ The first sun brought the morning —
the door of light opened,
and after darkness,
the very first eye shimmered.

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Understand!
That was it —
The first dance of nature.
Where earth, water, wind, and light
danced in harmony,
spoke as one,
and creation found its rhythm.

(vi) A Primordial Sound

— Sacred Chant of the Mundhum

Heyyy... Behold! Heyyy... Listen!
This is a tale from the time —
when the wind was wailing,
when the sun first
entered into existence.

In that moment...
A Voice emerged!
Not in words, not in language —
but in a trembling vibration,
in the thunder of pure pulse.

That was it — the First Mantra!
The First Rhythm!
The First Voice of the Mundhum!

"O Sky – open!"
"O Earth – rise!"
"O Water – flow!"
"O Wind – move!"
"O Fire – burn!"
"O Life – speak!"
"O Creation – shine!"
"O Truth – resound!"

That very vibration...
that very invocation...

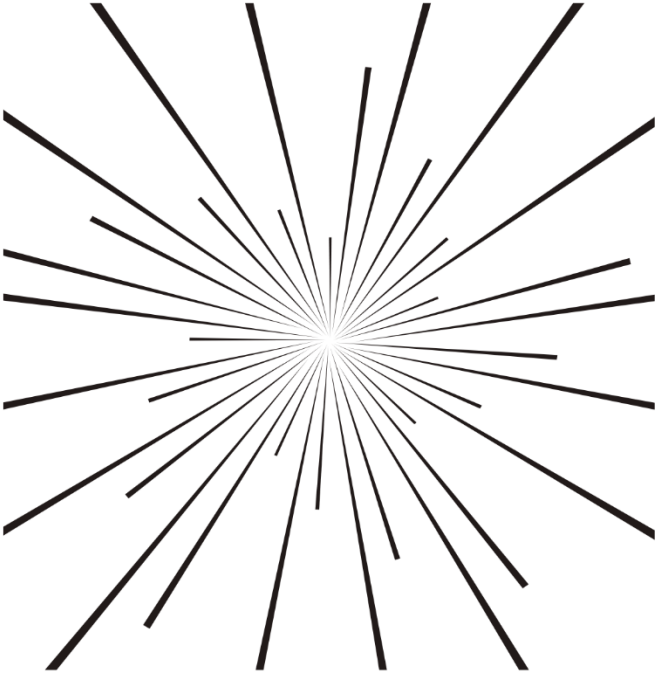
became the first Mundhum[9].

Sound became voice,
voice became mantra,
mantra became rhythm,
and rhythm became the wheel of creation.

This was —
The First Chapter of the Mundhum!
Where word, element, and energy
became one
in a single breath,
in a single moment of fullness.

[9] For the Kirat people—especially the Limbu, Rai, Yakkha, and Sunuwar groups— *Mundhum* is the ancient oral text, spiritual guidance, and intellectual basis.
It includes legends, cosmology, moral principles, ceremonies, and ancestral knowledge handed down over decades by shamans such as *Phedangma, Samba, and Yeba.*
Mundhum is a living legacy linking society, spirit, and environment, not only a book.

Chapter 2:
Tungdunge's Journey and Wisdom



(i) Commencement of Tungdunge

Heyyy... Listen! Listen!
Tungdunge rose —
his body stirred from hidden sleep,
stepping down from the bed of dreams
into the golden scent of sunlight,
on the day he took his first step.
Heyyy... Awaken! Awake!
Who was calling him?

Whose doorway was opening inside his soul?
On the far ridge,
a blue Danphe bird was singing.
and stories buried at the foot of the trees
began to echo again in Tungdunge's heart.
"Who are you?" — Tungdunge asked,
"Are you the one
Who called me forth?"
The wind laughed.
the clouds smiled.
the leaves began to chant —

"We are the witnesses.
we are your path.
We are the memory within you."
Heyyy... See! Heyyy... Here!
That day, Tungdunge
spoke with his own shadow,
gazed into the face of his fear,
and in that very moment,

He became the journey itself.
Tungdunge walked —
no umbrella, no shoes,
carrying only the bright light of creation,
recalling an ancient song,
crossing fires unburnt,
along the secret path of the cosmos.
Heyyy… Listen! Heyyy… Behold!
The chest of creation opened,
And a new heartbeat of life began.

The Earth's womb planted a seed —
a dream hidden in the warmth of soil,
and from there, Tungdunge emerged —
like the light of a firefly at dusk.
From the womb of the river, a voice descended —
a deep hum,
like an ancient mantra,
a melody of the very first breath.

The blue sky opened —
far… then farther still…
It called to Tungdunge,
and holding the shimmer of the moon,
he rose —
stood upon the void, unshaken.

Tungdunge flowed with the river —
singing his song with the current.
Tungdunge grew through the forest —
learning from the whisper of trees.
He climbed the mountain peaks —

where the soul is scented,
where silence begins to speak.

He learned the teachings of the Five Elements —
stability from the Earth,
breath from the Wind,
flow from the Water,
burn from the Fire,
expanse from the sky.
Understanding the truth of life,
Tungdunge moved forward…
carrying the Mundhum on his back,
kindling the journey within his heart.

(ii) Tungdunge's Dialogue with Nature

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Look!
Tungdunge stood,
upon the mountain peak,
at the edge of the void,
and asked —
seeking answers
from the very roots of creation.

"O Sky...
Shall I dissolve into you?
Expand like you?
Stand still like your silent depth?"

"O Earth...
Shall I be buried in you?
Become the womb of life, as you are?"

"O Wind...
Will you carry me along?
Breathe with me, flow with me?"

"O Fire...
Will you burn within me?
Shine your light through my bones?"

"O Water...
Will you carry my heart downstream?

Will you sing my song as you flow?”

Then — all of nature spoke.
with unwavering voices,
Breaking the silence with truth:

🌍 The Earth said —
“You are the seed from my womb,
You are my child!”

💧 The Water said —
“You are my flowing song,
You are my current!”

🌬️ The Wind said —
“You are the trace of my invisible touch,
You are in motion!”

🔥 The Fire said —
“You are my heat,
You are my flame!”

☁️ The Sky said —
“You are the awareness that dwells within me,
You are the infinite!”

Heyyy… Feel it! Heyyy… Understood!
Tungdunge received no reply in words —
but in that moment,
every question
had already become an answer.

(iii) Tungdunge's Life Journey

In that moment,
when the sky was opening,
and the earth was breathing —
in that sacred moment,
Tungdunge was born!

He arrived carrying the lamp of wisdom.
touching the world with peace.
The sleeping earth opened its eyes.
And the rivers smiled in silence.

He stepped into the rhythm of creation.
seeking meaning with every footstep.
Destiny never left his side.
Like a shadow, it followed him.

Tungdunge grew —
walking, step by sacred step,
in search of pure truth.

He sang with the wind.
flew with the birds,
and listened to the flowing voice of the river.

In the living heart of the forest,
he met the Samba Guru —
beneath the old sacred tree,
The ancient Mundhum was being chanted.

Tungdunge listened —
And every word stirred his soul.
He learned—
the rhythm of life,
the secrets of creation,
the language of silence.

He understood the power of fire —
felt the flow of water.
He heard the thunder of clouds —
and saw his soul reflected
in the crimson light of the sun.

There was power in words.
and wisdom in sound —
Tungdunge became
a Siddha,
a Great One.

(iv) Tungdunge's Journey and Awakening

Heyyy… Listen! Heyyy… Feel!
Life speaks — in the rhythm of the river,
It flows silently — without touching the shore,
That is the journey — that is the wisdom.

Look!
Truth is hidden in the heart of the mountain.
The wind whispers,
The water hums in song,
Fire reflects its face.
And the sky opens its gate.

The Journey Begins — Birth and Seeking
Tungdunge sprouted from the womb of the earth —
like a sacred heartbeat,
a shadow born from the belly of the land.

The mountains held him close, like a mother in labor —
and in the rhythm of the river,
His first breath was carried.

The sun's rays gave him warmth —
The moon's coolness embraced him.
The first scent — he felt it in a leaf's softness.
The first music he heard was in the flowing stream.

His first lesson — learned by watching the stars,

in the silence of the blue sky.
To understand depth, he closed his eyes.
Questions arose—
"Who am I?"
"Why have I come?"

He climbed the peaks —
not to rise high,
but to understand the deep.

He descended into ravines —
to flow with the waterfalls.

He spoke with the leaves of the forest —
felt the touch of the wind,
and listened to what could not be seen.

Heyyy… Understand this!
Tungdunge was walking —
though it seemed a path outside,
The true journey was unfolding within.

(v) The Earth's Message: Roots and Faith

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Understand!
On the very first day,
Tungdunge stepped upon the chest of the Earth,
and asked—
"O Earth… am I born of you?"

The Earth smiled —
the leaves began to sway.
the roots of the trees began to speak —
breaking the silence.

"O Tungdunge…"
"You are the seed from my womb,
But you are not only made of soil."

"Look — in my lap
stand the great mountains,
still, steady, and proud.
But their strength is held
by the roots hidden deep below."

"Do not rush in search of truth,
Do not walk by the ticking of time.
Flow like a root —
inward, downward, in sacred silence."

Upon hearing this,

Tungdunge bowed down —
he touched the earth —
he did not say much.
But he understood deeply.

His gaze rose
to the orange-colored sun —
where even light remained silent.

That day,
he learned life's first lesson —

"Faith —
Must be like roots.
Holding the earth,
anchored in depth."

(vi) The Wind's Lesson: Motion and Freedom

Heyyy… Listen! Heyyy… Feel this!
That morning,
the wind let out a swift breath —
Tungdunge's hair fluttered,
but the wind was nowhere to be seen.

The wind laughed —
a laughter unseen.
And it spoke —
"O Tungdunge…
I do not touch you,
yet I am touching you.
I am invisible, yet I am felt."

"I do not stop, I cannot be tied,
I am the rhythm of freedom!
Why do you cling to boundaries?
Why do you long for stillness?"

Tungdunge opened his arms —
and let his own body fly with the wind.
His feet raced
along the riverbanks —
where water speaks
without words.

He reached out to the leaves —
not to hold them, but to feel them.
He sang with the wind's flow —
letting go of his fears.

That day, Tungdunge understood —
"Life is not only stillness,
it is also motion.
It is not merely walking, but flowing.
As free as breath —
as invisible as the wind."

(vii) The Fire's Teaching: Courage and Radiance

Heyyy… Look! Heyyy… Understand!
That evening,
for the very first time, Tungdunge saw
a red flame —
a dancing light,
a glow that wanted to speak.

Tungdunge was afraid —
he stepped back,
watched from behind the stones.

But then…
the Fire spoke —
breaking silence, in a burning voice:

"Why do you fear me, O Tungdunge?"
"Yes, I destroy —
but I also give light."

"I am flame —
but I am also warmth."

"I can burn —
but I can also brighten."

Tungdunge jolted —

as a bird awakens on a tree.
He stepped closer to the Fire,
reached out his hand —
it did not burn him,
but it made him glow.

His soul trembled with heat,
but his fear melted away.
Somewhere deep within —
power flickered, radiance was born.

That day, Tungdunge understood —
"Without courage, truth cannot be reached."
"Only one who can hold fire
is worthy to see the light."

(viii) The Peace of Water: Flow and Purity

Heyyy… Listen! Heyyy… Feel this!
The river was flowing —
flowing… like a waterfall,
breaking stones, carving her path.

Tungdunge bowed —
by the river's edge.
He dipped his hands into the cold stream,
breathed in, and asked —

"O River…
why do you never stop?"

The water laughed —
in the laughter of the cascade.
And it spoke —

"Because I cannot remain still!
If I stop — I begin to rot.
If I keep flowing — I remain pure.
By flowing — I give life."

That day, Tungdunge understood —

"The mind must be like the river —

purity lives in flow.
If we are stagnant, we decay."

"The one who keeps flowing — stays alive.
The one who only stays still — may survive,
but does not truly live."

(ix) A Sacred Dialogue Between Tungdunge and the Sky

Heyyy… Look! Heyyy… Listen!
Tungdunge lifted his head
and gazed into the blue sky.
In silence—
his words were still,
but his soul was stirring.

There were no shapes,
no borders —
but in that emptiness, there was meaning.

Tungdunge asked —
"O Sky…
why are you so empty?"

Then, the Sky replied —
in the voice of stillness,
in the vibration of the unseen.

"I am empty —
because I can hold everything."
"I am nothing by myself —
yet within me, everything can be seen."

That day, Tungdunge understood —

"The mind must be like the sky —
clear, open, infinite."
Not bound, not halted,
but wide enough to embrace all."

Heyyy… Understand! Heyyy… Feel!
Emptiness itself
is the womb of all possibility.

(x) A Sacred Realization at the Edge of Creation

Heyyy… Listen! Heyyy… Behold!
Tungdunge stood
at the turning of creation —
where the five elements
spoke like the five directions.

🌍 The Earth said —
"O Tungdunge,
stand firm like the roots,
never forget your origin."

🌬️ The Wind said —
"Flow — but do not be bound,
freedom is the truest motion."

🔥 The Fire said —
"Burn — but not without care,
shine within the line of courage."

💧 The Water said —
"Flow — but flow in purity,
for life touches through movement."

☁️ The Sky said —
"Be open — but do not grasp,

acceptance is the heart of infinity."

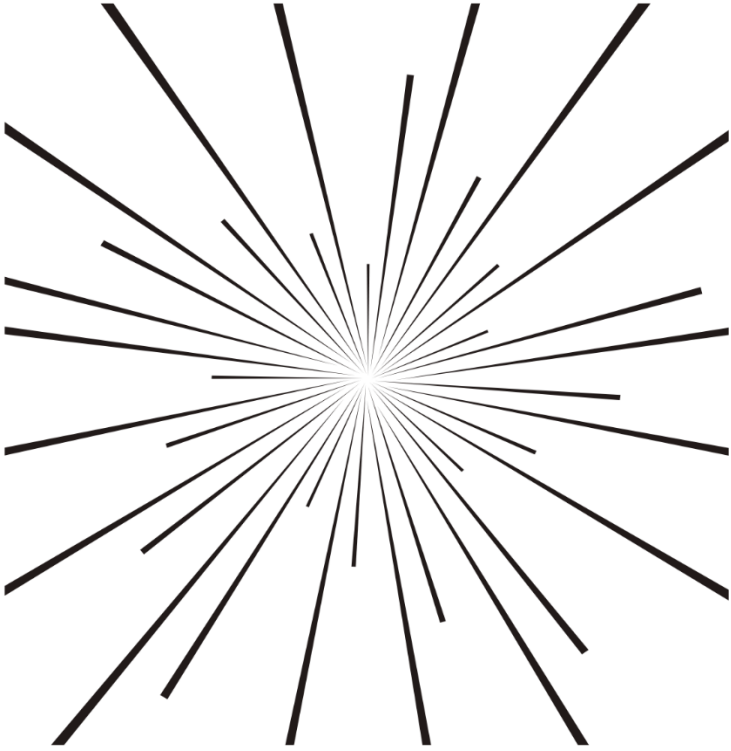
And in that moment —
Tungdunge awakened.
A light stirred within —
and he understood —

Life is not only birth and death,
Life is a journey of self-realization.

He smiled —
the forest leaves began to shimmer,
the river sang in sweetness,
the sky scattered radiant light.

Creation moved again,
and life echoed once more
in the rhythm of truth.

Chapter 3:
Struggle and the Great War



(i) Tungdunge and the Battle of Darkness

Fire purifies faith.
The river refines the law,
And trees stand tall,
Carrying the weight of tradition.
But when the storm arrives—
Who can truly endure?

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Feel this!
"There is no light without fire,
No melody without darkness.
There is no peace without struggle.
And no victory without a great battle!"

But hey... behold!
Darkness began to rise —
The mountains split,
and demons descended — like a black storm.

The earth shook.
The river turned to blood.
The night-beings arrived —
Beating skulls, roaring thunder.

But Tungdunge stood firm —
in the heart of the earth,
on the side of justice,
rooted in the strength of truth.

He fought —
Not with anger, but with wisdom.
Not with hatred, but with love.
Not with fear, but with faith.

The trees wept —
The wind hummed in sorrow.
The river spoke —
"Protect it! Protect the creation!"

In that moment —
power alone was not enough.
Wisdom rose greater.

The great battle came to balance —
not through destruction,
but through understanding.

Heyyy… Know this! Heyyy… Remember this!
Truth never loses —
if love walks beside it.
And creation never dies —
if balance is restored.

(ii) The Clash of Ages – The Roar of Beginning

Heyyy… Listen! Heyyy… Look!
On that day —
The mountains rose with a jolt.
rumbling —
like the bones of the earth itself.

The rivers raged —
waterfalls screamed,
The banks tore apart.

Leaves cracked —
Trees trembled to their roots.

And the wind —
wild and endless —
rushed in a howling cry.

At the edge between the Ages —
A conch shell sounded!
A roar —
a voice speaking without words!

That sound —
drew the line of war
upon the canvas of nature.

On one side stood —

The light of creation,
truth, dharma,
the glow of morning,
anchored in deep-rooted faith.

On the other side —
The darkness of destruction,
desire, adharma,
the blinding pull of greed,
that shakes the very ground.

But Heyyy… Listen!
The distance between truth and untruth —
was not what the world believed.
That distance lay in thought,
not in strength.

For strength —
was equal on both sides,
but their visions, their paths, their hearts —
were different.

(iii) The Earth's Tears – The Omen of War

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Feel this!
The Earth began to weep —
without eyes, without tears —
But her chest had split open.

The mountain peaks collapsed —
Even the stones could no longer stand.
The trees fell —
without storm, without flood.

The rivers —
began to flow backward,
The source reversed, the sea trembled.

Then, the Earth spoke —
in a deep silence, in a hidden roar —

"O Tungdunge!
This war is your karma.
This war is your dharma."

"Do not flee —
Strive to understand.
This is not destruction.
but a journey to restore balance."

Tungdunge looked up toward the sky —

where the moon and sun
were clashing face-to-face.
The stars had dimmed,
And the balance was breaking.

And in that moment, Tungdunge understood —

"Without struggle, truth is never born.
Without great war, peace cannot endure."

And he embraced that truth —
he tied it to his soul.
wove it into his breath —
wiping the Earth's tears,
he stepped toward the war —
not with violence,
but in the voice of dharma.

(iv) The Inner Conflict – The River of Blood

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Hear the deeper voice!
The first war was outside —
but the second war…
was within — at the banks of the soul.

Tungdunge fell silent.
His hand, still holding the weapon, began to tremble.
The heart asked —
"Do I truly wish to win this war?"

But the answer…
was not outside —
it came from within —
as clear as emptiness,
as deep as silence —

"This war is not to be won —
This war is to be endured."
"This war is to be remembered."
"This war is to burn within."

And then —
Blood flowed.
Not from wounds —
but from the weight of a choice.

The blood became a river.

And the river turned the earth red.

The sky wept.
The trees stood silent.
And creation whispered —
"Even those who fight for dharma
must still bathe in blood."

Heyyy… Understood! Heyyy… Feel this!
The path of righteousness
is not always filled with light —
sometimes,
it must be crossed
through rivers of blood.

(v) Fire and Ash – The Pain of Rebirth

Heyyy... Listen! Heyyy... Look!
The great war had ended —
the conch had fallen silent.
But the earth was left in ashes.

The trees were bare.
the rivers had dried.
The mountains stood in silence.
The sky was veiled in smoke.

And in that stillness —
Creation asked Tungdunge —

"O Tungdunge,
What will you do now?"

Tungdunge bowed down —
he reached to the chest of the earth
and lifted a handful of ash.

His voice rose from within —
quiet, yet unshakable —

"This ash is not defeat.
This ash is the sign of rebirth."

"Where the fire ends,

a new seed is planted."
"Where the smoke rises,
The sun shall rise again."

Heyyy... Hear this! Heyyy... Understand!
The mountains will turn green again.
The rivers will flow again.
But this ash —
must never be forgotten.

History shall carry this tale —
not of destruction,
but of rebirth.

(vi) Who Won? Who Lost?

Understood!
The war had ended —
the dust had settled,
The ashes had stilled.

Tungdunge smiled —
He did not become a king, nor a conqueror.
Because he had never sought to win —
He had only walked in search of truth.

So he said —

"Victory? That is fleeting.
True triumph —
is peace within the soul."

That day —
the sun turned red for the first time,
not from blood,
not from fire —
but because the light of truth
had colored the sky itself.

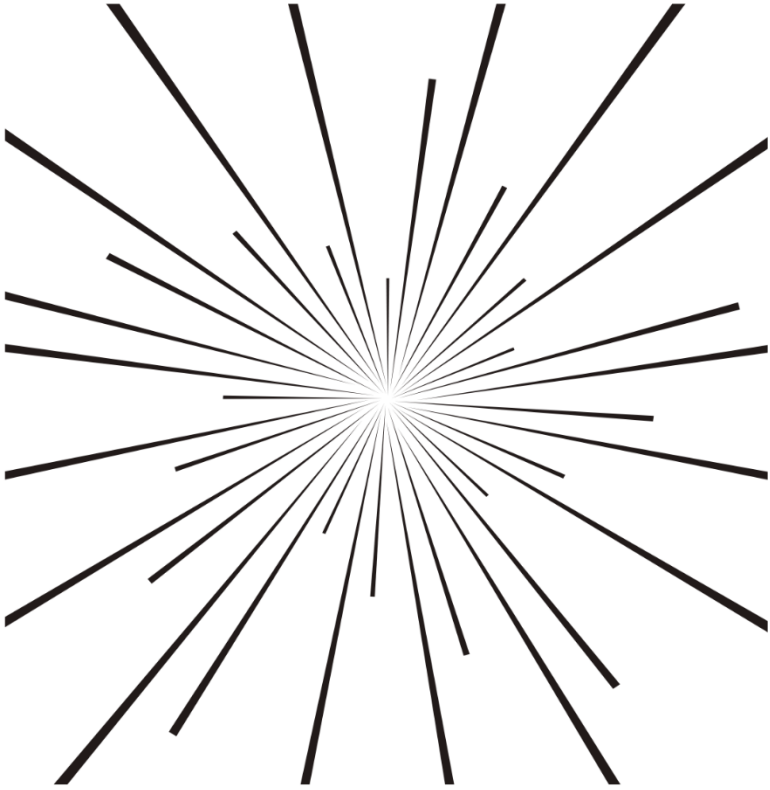
Heyyy… Know this! Heyyy… Reflect deeply!
Struggle and great wars —
are part of life.
But not all battles
are won with weapons.

Some battles —
happen in the outer world.
But the deepest war —
is always fought within.

Tungdunge's journey
was not a journey of power —
It was a journey of truth and wisdom.
Where
not swords, but healing;
Not noise, but awareness prevailed.

And in the end —
victory is that
moment when one finds harmony
within oneself.

Chapter 4:
Dharma, Law, and Tradition



(i) The First Pulse of Creation

Hear this—
The first light
was not the sun's blaze,
but the awakening of knowing.

The first stone—
became the rhythm of creation.
The first wind—
became the breath of mantra.
The first water—
became the vow in sound.

O Tungdungé Lase[10]!
When humans cast
their first shadow of sin,
then—
the seed of Dharma began to sprout.

Dharma is not law.
Dharma is the depth of the heart.
Dharma is the flame
that turns inside to out.

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[10] In the Limbu language and culture, the term "Lase" refers to a noble, valiant, or highly revered figure—someone recognized for their wisdom, bravery, leadership, or spiritual devotion.

In Limbu oral traditions, music, and poetry, "Lase" is frequently used to designate someone who possesses heroic, heavenly, or exemplary characteristics. It holds significant cultural veneration and poetic value.

But look!
Some bound Dharma
into mere ritual.
Some built walls of words
and called it Dharma.

Dharma turned into a word,
but action vanished.
The voice of Dharma lingered,
but its footsteps—
long disappeared.

(ii) The Soul of Law

O hear, O Tungdunge echo!
The first wound was struck—
by the thorn of injustice.
And on that very day,
a balance awakened—
known as Law.

The river turned solemn
and made its vow:
"Whoever strays from truth,
I shall carry them away."

The mountain stood witness,
and with an oath it roared:
"Those who stand bearing falsehood,
I shall break with thunder and fall."

But the human trembled.
They asked—
"O Spirit, is Law power?"
And the voice came—
from mountain, river, and sky:
"Law is not power,
Law is balance."

But look—
the human forged the Law
into a weapon.
The scale remained,

but justice—
was not placed upon it.

Instead, upon the scales,
they placed power,
and called it justice.

But the river wept,
and the mountain fell silent.

(iii) The Root of Tradition

O listen, O Tungdunge echo!
Just as the roots
sink beneath the tree,
so too
were traditions buried—
deep within the chest of the earth.

There dwelled:
Ancient voices—
that chanted in breath.
Ancient steps—
that walked with meaning.
Ancient vows—
that echoed through the sky.

But behold!
Time was like a river—
its waters
never flowed the same twice.

Then came the human.
And the human declared:
"To preserve tradition is Dharma!"

But Tungdunge spoke—
"Not just to preserve,
but to breathe soul into it!
To give it new meaning!
Or else, tradition

becomes wood—carved but lifeless."

Yet tradition
refused the tongue of change.
It turned its ear
away from the rhythm of time.

Then came the law—
It tried to bind Dharma,
chaining it
to the cry of tradition,
to the command of power.

But Dharma—
is neither memory alone,
nor mere ritual.
Dharma is the soul's journey—
flowing like a river,
and rooted like a tree
that whispers to the earth.

(iv) The Tale of Three Shadows

(The Conflict of Dharma, Law, and Tradition)

Listen well!
Three pillars held up the cosmos—
Dharma,
Law,
and Tradition.

But when the three
clashed with one another—
the earth trembled,
the mountains went silent,
and the rivers began to flow in reverse.

Dharma cried—
"I am the flame of truth!"
Law roared—
"I am the scale of justice!"
Tradition echoed—
"I am the witness of time!"

But—
Tungdunge laughed.
And he said:

"O foolish spirits!
Truth without love
turns dry and sharp.
Justice without wisdom

becomes cruel.
Time without change
becomes a jungle of decay."

He spoke again:
"Dharma—
is not just truth,
it is love—
the hand that wipes a tear.

Law—
is not only justice,
it is discernment—
the mind that softens the blade.

Tradition—
is not just time,
it is transformation—
the seed that dares to grow anew."

But the human...
did not listen.

They made Dharma
into stone,
Law
into a sword,
and Tradition
into chains.

And then,
the three shadows—

stood in the way of humankind.

But Tungdunge,
with his staff once more,
walked forward—
singing a song
to bring Dharma, Law, and Tradition
back into balance.

(v) The Final Question – What is Truth?

(A Silent Dialogue of Tungdunge)

Listen well—
One day,
Tungdunge
entered the void.
He silenced the wind,
released his breath,
and asked his soul:

"What if Dharma
vanishes from the heart?
What if Law
sides with injustice?
What if Tradition
refuses to walk with Time?"

The question
hung in the sky,
but the answer—
rose from the depths of the earth.

A voice came:
"Then Dharma
shall be caged in the forest.
Law
shall become a chain of fear.
Tradition

shall be buried beneath the soil—
like a seed,
but dry and lifeless."

And so—
Tungdunge rose.
He carried the message of mantra,
the voice of the river,
and the light of the heavens.

He set Dharma
free in the sky of the heart.
He warmed Law
in the fire of love.
He turned Tradition
into a seed
and planted it in new soil.

That day—
for the first time,
the sun appeared golden,
and humankind
felt the light
rise from within.

The Teachings of Tungdunge
(In the Voice of the Mundhum)

O listen, O heart—
Dharma
is not merely a rule.
Dharma
is the flame within,
the light that pierces darkness.

Law
is not merely fear.
Law
is the music of justice,
resonating in the strings of the soul.

Tradition
is not just a chain.
Tradition
is a bridge of change,
connecting the shores of time.

This was Tungdunge's vision—
"When Dharma, Law, and Tradition
stand in balance,
only then
does the creation become beautiful.
Only then
does the soul feel light."

He said—

"Protect Nature,
Live Truthfully,
Never dance
on the worth of life."

These were the teachings he gave,
the mantras of peace he chanted,
the sacred threads of love he tied.

He wove the festivals,
wrote the codes,
and sent sacred cultural songs
into the open sky.

Then—
the Sambas rose,
the Yebas rose,
the Phedangbas stood—
as the guardians of the Mundhum.

He laid the truths of relationship,
the laws of harmony,
and opened the path of balance.

Let the children walk this path,
let them never forget—
May the Mundhum live on,
and become our eternal identity.
O Tungdunge— you are the song of our soul.

(vi) The Lessons of Tungdunge

(In the Voice of Mundhum — The Equality of Faith, Law, Tradition and Truth)

O listen, O mind—
Dharma
is not mere rule.
Dharma
is the flame within the soul,
cutting through the night of doubt.

Law
is not a shadow of fear.
Law
is the music of justice,
sent the strings of the heart trembling.

Tradition
is not a shackle of the past.
Tradition
is a bridge of change,
linking the shores of time.

Such was Tungdunge's vision—
"When faith and law and tradition
stand in sacred balance,
only then
Does creation blossom in lovely?
Only then
Does the soul feel light?

He declared—
"Protect nature,
Live in truth.
And never dance
upon the value of life."

That was the lesson he imparted—
a thread of peace,
a mantra of love.

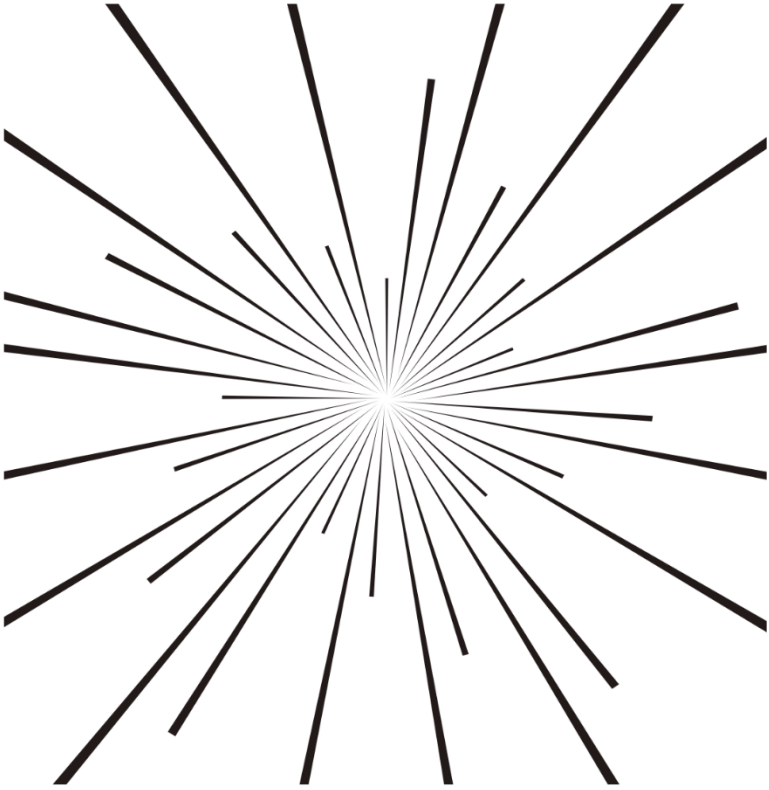
He wove the festivals,
scribed the codes,
and let sacred songs
soar into the open sky.

And then—
he became a Samba,
a Yeba,
a Phedangba,
a keeper of the Mundhum's breath.

The truth of kinship,
the justice of society,
the path of balance —
He unfolded it.

Let his children walk that path.
and never forget—
Let Mundhum live on,
and become our identity.
O Tungdunge!
You are the ballad of our soul.

Chapter 5:
The Final Teaching and the Journey to the Sky



(i) The Hour of Self-Realization

(The Revelation of the Final Mystery— In the Voice of Tungdunge)

O listen, O ears of the wind—
Tungdunge
had walked a long path.
He crossed the mountains,
flowed with the rivers,
and became as silent as the sky.

He searched for—
the roots of struggle,
the depth of love,
the flame of truth,
and the balance of justice.

He touched them all,
he understood them all.
But—

When the shadow of death
unfolded its wings,
only then
did Tungdunge realize:

"I have known much,
but completeness still lies beyond."

That completeness—
cannot be held in words.

That wisdom—
cannot be written on scrolls.
That teaching—
flows between breath and silence.

So Tungdunge
did not give words—
he gave a pulse.
Not a sermon—
but a soul.

In his final hour—
his eyes shimmered
with the whole story of nature,
and from his lips
escaped a single whisper:

"Life… is the art of listening."

And that whisper was heard—
by the trees,
by the river,
by the wind,
and by the children.

From that day on—
silent wisdom
became the deepest Mundhum.

(ii) The Dialogue of the Five Elements

(Tungdunge and the Five Mysteries— In the Language of Mundhum)

O listen, O soul within!
One day,
Tungdunge
rose from deep meditation.
He looked to the sky,
stepped upon the earth,
and summoned the five elements.

First came Earth—
silent, steady,
anchored in stillness.

Tungdunge asked:
"O Mother Earth,
are you the ultimate truth?"

And Earth replied—
"I am stability,
I give birth to life.
But in the end—
I return all
back into my womb."

Then came Water—
shimmering, flowing, restless.

Tungdunge asked:
"O Stream of Life,
are you the essence of being?"

Water answered—
"I am flow,
I am purity.
Yet at times,
I become the tide of destruction."

Then arrived Fire—
blazing, radiant, alive.

Tungdunge spoke:
"O Flame,
are you the source of light?"

And Fire roared—
"I am heat,
I am energy.
But if I break my bounds—
I can consume all."

Next came Air—
unseen, but ever present.

Tungdunge asked:
"O Breath of Breath,
are you the life-force?"

And Air replied—
"I move life,
I stir the body.
But sometimes
I rise as a storm
and tear through worlds."

Finally, came Sky—
vast, silent, infinite.

Tungdunge bowed and asked:
"O Eternal One,
why do you remain silent?"

Sky smiled—
"I am beyond borders.
I am neither still,
nor in motion.
I hold all within me—
yet I, myself,
am emptiness."

Tungdunge
fell silent.
Words dropped,
his breath deepened.

And in that moment—
he understood:

"Earth is steadiness,
Water is flow,
Fire is awareness,
Air is movement—
but Sky…
Sky is the soul.
And that
is the ultimate truth."

(iii) Journey Toward the Void – The Flight of the Soul

(A Silent Ascent in the Voice of the Mundhum)

O listen, O children of time!
And then—
Tungdunge
raised his hands
toward the sky.

He closed his eyes,
yet his vision opened.
The sky called him,
the void unveiled a path.

His body—
remained on earth,
like the roots of a tree
still holding the soil.

But his soul—
dissolved into the wind,
not as a bird,
not as a ray of light—
but as a vibration
of the great emptiness.

His memory—
flowed like a river,
silent,

yet carrying life.

His teachings—
remained ablaze like fire,
beyond words,
glowing in the heart's light.

But his existence?
It vanished—
not lost,
not erased,
but absorbed
into the void.

That void—
no one fully understands,
yet all souls
long to return to it.

At last, Tungdunge saw—
truth was not in words,
truth was in the voice of silence.

(iv) The Teaching – A Letter from the Sky

(In the Voice Beyond Words)

That night—
The moon was silent,
neither speaking, nor falling.
The stars flickered gently—
like memories in the eyes.

And then the sky
wrote a letter—
a silent one.

No hand moved the pen,
no voice whispered the words.
But the message arrived—
etched in the deepest part of the soul.

"You were Earth—
you became seed,
and returned
to the embrace of the soil.

You were Water—
you became a river,
and carried the stories of life.

You were Fire—
you became a lamp,

and pierced the darkness with light.

You were Air—
you became breath,
and stirred the pulse of existence.

But in the end—
you became Sky."
Borderless,
beyond words,
beyond form.

And then—
Tungdunge spoke no more.
What was left to say?
Everything
had already been spoken
by the sky.

His being—
was no longer a word,
no longer a form—
it became void.

The Void—
that holds all,
yet always rests in silence.

(v) The Final Teaching

(A Silent Mantra of Tungdunge)

O listen—
In a moment deeper than words,
Tungdunge stood still,
and spoke with nature,
not through sound—
but through vibration.

He said—
"Clouds…
are not merely water.
They carry dreams,
rising through the sky
as invisible desires.
They do not weep—
they flow
with visions yet to come."

"Air…
is not just the force of movement.
Within it hums
the song of time.
When leaves tremble,
ancient messages stir,
and in every breath—
the Mundhum sings its tale."

"And mountains…

are not just stone.
They are gates—
opened only
by the soul willing to journey inward.
They are silent,
but within them
echo centuries of secrets."

That was—
Tungdunge's final teaching.
Not written,
not spoken—
but felt.

A teaching
meant to be carried
not in books—
but in breath.

Not a Conclusion, but Continuity

(In the Eternal Voice of Tungdunge Mundhum)

O mind, listen—
That which feels distant,
Often flows closest to the soul.

Tungdunge stood still—
Not to speak,
But to breathe with creation,
Merging in silent oneness
With the deep pulse of nature.

And he said—
"Life
is but a journey.
Truth
is a way of seeing.
And liberation—
is the soul taking flight."

That message
merged with the wind,
and with every breath,
echoed across the world.

Tungdunge gave a warning—
"One day shall come
when the Earth will weep,
and darkness will descend.
If the Mundhum is lost—

creation will fall
once more into decline."

"Let truth never vanish,
Let law never break.
Live with nature,
walk the path of truth—
or else darkness
will return in the time ahead."

After these words—
Tungdunge walked on.
He walked toward the far horizon.
where sound melts into silence.

Yet—
the wind still flows,
the waters still hum,
the forests still whisper,
and the stars
continue to shine with his teaching.

His words became songs.
echoing like sacred mantras.
They lived on
in the land of the Kirat.
The Mundhum became eternal,
and creation breathed again.

The tale of Tungdunge—
Not merely a story,
But with the sacred voice of the soul,

piercing the silence of time,
Rising like a rhythm from the earth's navel,
dissolving into the melody of the whispering wind,
and echoes eternally.
through the sky of stillness—
the timeless sound of Mundhum.
■

Author Background and Relevant Works

Dr. Nawa Raj Subba is a researcher, writer, and thinker moving across disciplinary and cultural boundaries. With a doctorate, he was trained in a rigorous academic environment, but my broader intellectual journey is fueled by an abiding interest in the human condition.

His research focuses on the oral traditions of the Kirat Limbu peoples—particularly the Tungdunge Mundhum—and their intersections with contemporary issues of the time, which include mental health, cultural identity, and social transformation. His work tries to create dialogue by bringing a more subtle and sustained observation of the world, something that has been overlooked, and by reframing it in light of modern frameworks so multiple frames for understandings of well-being and knowledge become possible.

As a writer, he is not only grappling with empirical research but also philosophical reflection, narrative, and cultural analysis. His work addresses scholarly and public audiences and aims to raise questions, prompt reflection, and contribute to conversations about justice, meaning, and human life.

A thinker is an identity that resonates with a lifelong inquiry and synthesis between disciplines of knowledge as well as rendering ideas that stir waters beyond just academic stagnation in an ever-changing global context. He appreciate the importance of critical engagement, having ethical responsibility, and integrated

understanding of pluralistic worldviews to face the intricacies of our reality.

His works on Literature, music, and Social Science:

Anthologies of Poems

Jiwan Mero Sabdakoshma (2063)
Bich Batoma Byujhera (2065)
Yatra Adha Satabdiko (2068)
Chitkar (2069) - Short Poems
Life in My Dictionary (2020)
Jokhanama Vartaman (2078)
Self-Reflection at the Moment (2022)

Collections of Lyrics

Sahidlai Salam (2058)
Man Ra Mato (2073)

Essays

Manko Majheri (2064)
Samayako Swad (2070)
The Mind Canvas (2021)
Sikkaka Dubai Pata (2079)
Both Sides of Coins (2022)

Discography *(Nepali Music Audio/Video Albums)*

1. *Deshko Maya,* Collection of Patriotic songs, 2010
2. *Hami Pahile Nepali*, Collection of Patriotic songs, 2013
3. *Lukeko Rahar*, Collection of Ghazal Album Audio, 2011
4. *Amulya Jiwan,* Collection of Modern songs, 2012
5. *Bahaar Sanga,* Collection of Modern songs, 2016
6. *Himalaima Hiun*, Collection of Folk Songs, 2014

Video Albums *'Pratibimba'* Series-1 to 4.

History and Culture:

Tungdunge Mundhum Samiksya (2076)
Tungdunge Mundhum Review (2020)
Kirat Limbu Sanskriti Manavsastriya Bivechana (2077, 2080)
Kirat Limbu Culture, Anthropological Investigation (2023)
Tungdunge Mundhum: Kirat Akhyan, Ek Adhyayan (2080)
Phyang Samba Bamsawali (2081)
The Genealogy of Phyang Samba (2024)
The History of the Sen Dynasty of Nepal, 2025
Nepalma Sen Jatiko Itihas, 2081

Explorations in Cultural and Linguistic Studies

- Kirat and Limbu Cultural Narratives: Delves into traditional beliefs and their significance in contemporary culture. (Global Journal of Research in Humanities & Cultural Studies, 2022).
- Language Evolution in Nepal: A critical review of how Nepal's linguistic heritage has shaped identities. (GJRHCS, 2022).
- Kirat Ancestry and the Subba Surname: Unpacks the connection between the Subba surname and Kirat legacy. (IARJHSS, 2021).
- Complex Identities of Kirat, Rai, and Limbu: Investigates the ethnic complexities within these communities. (IARJHSS, 2021).

Mythological and Historical Linkages

- Homonyms Bridging Limbu and Dhimal: Explores the linguistic and cultural ties represented by Tungdunge and Dhangdhange. (IARJHSS, 2021).
- Kirat Mythology and Hindu Scriptures: Correlates Lepmuhang Mundhum with Matsya Purana's narratives. (JGLTEP, 2019).

- Sen and Samba Dynasties through Mundhum: Reveals historical connections rooted in oral traditions. (IARJHSS, 2022).

Modern Linguistic Innovations in Kirat Studies

- Evolution of Kirat Languages: Traces linguistic shifts from ancient times to modern voices. (IJISRT, 2024).
- Kirat Identity Across Time and Space: Explores the dynamic negotiation of Kirat identities. (JETIR, 2023).

Involved in Mental Health and Health Psychology Research and Services in Nepal

- Mental Health Services and Suicide Prevention in Nepal: Challenges, Policies, and Community-Based Solutions – A Narrative Review. Zenodo. https://doi.org/10.5281/zenodo.15009292

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